

CONFERENCE POINTERS



The Jesus Way

I would be intelligent

I would be healthy

I would be neighborly

I would be square



MINISINO

(Mr. William H. Danforth)

WHEN a man has invested his personality in any project, his influence cannot be stopped. There are men who give money to great causes without giving of themselves. They have some satisfaction. Their money does some good.

Yet how different is the man who has given so bountifully of his means and himself to this camp. He is not with us this summer. He lives in the Tipi, in the Council Circle, in the chapel, on the playground, however. His spirit pervades the Camp of the Fourfold Life.

Surely we miss him. We miss Don, too. Yet we feel their presence. What a tribute to their splendid contribution!

Minisino! We respect you, we love you for the quiet influence of your life. May you continue to grow into our lives even more powerfully.

Conference Pointers

*Camp of the
4-Fold Life*

Lake Breeze—
Hill Top Echoes

*Camp of the
100 Fires*

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Editorial Comment

NEW LEADERS.

TO THE campers it may seem strange to say that a new leader is just about as green as a freshman. The chief difference is that the leader sheds his green more quickly.

Just think of the information you expect a leader to possess. It makes no difference whether he knows the camp or not, he must answer all questions. What a job it is!

We, Old Timers, know what you have been up against, new leaders! We're for you, heart and soul. By the time this sheet is in your hands, the new leaders will be old ones. They will be onto the game from start to finish.

Here's to you! You've done a good job and a difficult one. Now that we can depend on you, let's see you back next year.

THE 1920 CAMP.

THIS year we felt lost for a while. The "Mules" were present in smaller numbers than usual. The Keystone state was represented only by second and third year men. Their places were more than taken by new states.

California, Kansas, Indiana, and Colorado were the new states to have a larger number. Oregon is one of the new states to be represented.

Have you thought what this fact indicates? Simply this. The good news of the fourfold life, the Jesus way of living, is becoming known all over the continent. Let's help to carry it still farther, until every American boy or girl shall truly live the Jesus way.

THE GROUP LEADERS.

THEY do not make announcements. They are not directing affairs of the camp. They may not seem to occupy such important places as the faculty or headquarters staff. Yet these group leaders are the life of the camp.

Did you ever stop to think how large a place these tent and cottage leaders occupy? If you are sick, who is it that gets you to the nurse and stays with you? If you want to go boating, who writes out the permit? If you sleep too soundly and almost miss the dip, who saves your camp record from stain? When you want information on a thousand things, who gives the right dope? Who helped you get onto the ropes? Who stays with you on the playground, in classes, and in the water?

After you look at it squarely, things look different. The men who give you your whole camp spirit are the group leaders. How about it?

YOU NEVER KNOW!

PERHAPS the campers have the idea that they know what is coming next. This issue is just to show you all that when it comes to leaders, you never know!

For years the campers have had a free hand in determining the contents of these pages. Now the worm turns. Just for a change the leaders want to show you that all the editorial brains are not in one part of the camp.

Maybe you think you know what is coming; but as long as our Great Chief Kinji Gissis reigns you never know!



"THE JOB LOT."

WHAT can we call the leaders who are coming to camp for the first time as leaders without any camp experience? Minisino called them the "job lot." Truly they come from no one place. They bear every brand and represent every variety. Get them all together and you will have the strangest assortment of leaders you may find anywhere.

There are Young People's Superintendents of Sunday School Associations, school-teachers, doctors, business men, athletic directors, lawyers, religious directors, and even preachers. It is a motley crowd. Yet who can tell the lawyer from the preacher, or the doctor from the business man? They all look alike when they don old clothes and get into the camp life. That is the great thing about it all.

It makes no difference about their occupation or place of residence. Everything is thrown into the melting pot and out of the mass of differences comes a great outstanding contribution to the camp. It is not flavored with one job or another. No one point of view predominates. Each gains from the touch of the other. The "job lot" gives something to the camp that will never be lost.

THE GRADUATE LEADERS.

THE Camp of the Fourfold Life stands for the training of leadership. It was the dream of the great chief, Kinji Gissis. In 1914, the task of building leadership was begun and it has continued steadily. Each year sees a new group of graduates going out to take their places as intelligent leaders of Christian work.

As early as 1917, the first graduates

began to take their places in the camp. Each succeeding year they have assumed more responsibility. This camp is evidence of the efficiency of the idea of training.

With Clarence Wright planning the nights' doings, Hobe Hill directing the athletic life, Gilly leading the music, Fritz assisting the business manager, and the other fellows as tent leaders, they have proved their worth. Harold Post, Wilfred Mack, and Carl Bolte are making themselves felt as leaders of groups.

As the camp continues, these graduates will come to occupy a place even larger than they do now. Many of the graduates who were not here are absent only because their work keeps them away. Two of them are responsible for camps. Walter Wood, and Franklin Mayer are camp directors in their own camps this summer. Woody is in Massachusetts, and Waswa is running a camp near Cleveland.

As these graduates go out they continue to spread the fourfold life and the ideals they gained at this camp. Before many years have passed, they will be the leaders of a great movement. Even today their influence is felt.

THE STUDENT LEADERS.

THERE is a signal honor bestowed upon a camper when he is made a student leader. When the directors put their stamp of approval upon a third year man and make him leader of a group, they pay him a high compliment.

There is a goodly group of such leaders this year. They deserve special mention. Neely Turner, Elvin Shoffstall, William McKeehan, Robert Abernethy, John Furman, Harry Slaymaker and Gilbert Crossley are the men who have been so honored. Each year there has been a small group of these fellows who have so learned the spirit of the camp that they are entrusted with responsibility.

When such a man is put in charge of a tent, there is no doubt in the minds of the directors that his group will get into the spirit of things in good style. The past record of the student leaders has been brilliant. They have produced the goods. This year's group is no exception. They have made good.

A LEADER'S REWARD.

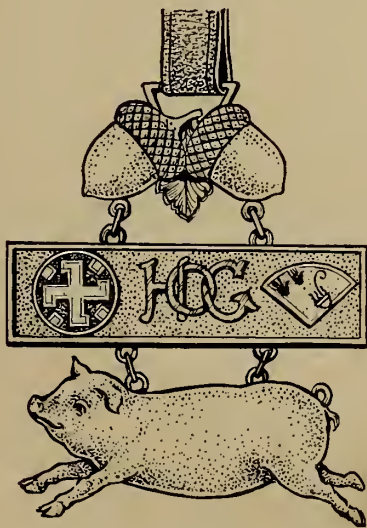
NONE of the leaders get their reward for service rendered at the camp in money or notoriety. That could never move business, professional leaders or educators to leave their own work. Neither is it the thanks of a director which makes the leaders give their time to the "Camp of the Fourfold Life."

What is it that draws men to this hilltop for two weeks every year? This is not a difficult question for a leader to answer.

It is simply the joy of living with fellows and helping them get the vision of real ideals.

"I doubted whether I ought to leave my work for two weeks to come to this camp," said a leader. In the next breath he continued, "But it certainly has been worth everything to me! I'll be back again."

Such was the testimony of a new leader. How many times has that statement been made? The most enthusiastic descriptions are not sufficient for the uninitiated. The camp cannot be pictured. It must be lived before a man can appreciate it.



ONCE again the hilltop echoes with the solemn calls of the order. The year sees the advent of a large number of new members. The old membership has been diminished, but the nucleus of charter dignitaries maintains the dignity of the society.

The order may now claim a unique distinction. Never before in its history has the occult entered. At the first meeting Satan, himself, petitioned for a place

in the order. There was some misgiving and fear on the part of the old members. Many were loath to admit His Majesty. They feared his sinister powers. Yet he was installed after careful examination with due ceremony. No doubt the order will benefit from this new acquisition.

The mysterious spirits are working splendidly. By the time this sheet comes off the press, all candidates for the first degree will be intelligent members of the order. No doubt some of the more secret initiations will also have transpired. There are many aspirants.

The order of Geneva maintains its full dignity. Old members are faithful in carrying out the rites. The new ones are enthusiastic in welcoming applicants. Hail to the order! May she live forever!

THE NEW DOCK.

"GEE, the pier's moved!" You might have heard that exclamation a hundred times as the old campers returned. And it surely is true. The boat rounded the point, steaming past the old administration building. Past the Tipi it went, right to the new pier.

At Pebbly Beach, is the new dock. It is a beauty. Bigger, better, and stronger than the old pier, it is a fine addition to the camp property. No longer do the spectators groan as they see the lake boats tie up. The new pier stands solid as a rock. It is a masterpiece.

Its advantages are not all in relation to the boats. Swimming is better than ever. Good deep water inside the dock, and plenty for everybody. How's that for a description? Hand rails all around for weary swimmers. Ladders are plentiful. If there's a better pier on the lake, it has not been discovered.

HIS HONOUR ROLL.

The hardest battles ever fought

The greatest victories won,
Are fought with never a comrade near,
With never a shot or a gun.

It may be a battle with terrible pain,
Or a struggle with mind or soul;
But God who is watching His soldiers
knows

The ones on His Honour Roll.

—[Louise Stockton Andrews in "One Girl's Influence," by Robert E. Speer.



THE CAMP OFFICE.

SOME fellows have the notion that everything that happens in camp just comes without any work. If anyone has that idea, just step into the director's office. Listen to the typewriters clicking. Notice the bank. Take a look at the records and equipment. Just ask some one in that office to tell you how long he works.

Anyone with the foolish idea that there is no work to the directing of the camp had better change his mind. Long before the fellows were on their way to this camp, there was a group of leaders on the job assigning places in tents and cottages. It is some job! When the crowd landed, every fellow had to register and find his place. When you think about it, the crowd certainly went through quickly. That meant preparation.

Mojag has two regular assistants, plus a young army of drafted helpers. When you fellows eat dogs and buns, someone had to see that they were ready for you. Then if the dog simply fails to show up at the last minute, something has to be done. Mojag grabs his helpers and away he goes. The stunt goes on. At the crucial moment, the feed appears. Oh! The indispensable!

Just leave the business manager for a while. Watch Wadjepi. He is the fellow who told you to get your certificates. He is on the job night and day. Yet, most of the people in camp never see what he does. Lose him for a day, though, and see what happens. In the midst of all the work of this camp he is busily engaged in preliminaries for the girls' camp.

Now look at Kinji! Perhaps some fellows had the notion that all the director had to do was to get up on the platform and make announcements, or to preside at the dog court. Did you ever stop to think how it happened that all these leaders and teachers came to the camp? The wind did not blow them here. It took months of careful watching and planning to get the best for the camp. After they are here, there is no end to the things which have to be checked up. There simply cannot be an accident. Everything happens "accidentally on purpose."

A director, an associate director, a business manager, a banker, two stenographers keep this camp going. The brains of the camp which guides and directs everything is busy all the time. When you sleep it works. While you are working it still goes on.

THE CLASSES.

THE schedule has been rearranged. No camper craft or woodcraft is given this year. The course of study is lengthened to four years. This will give a camper credit for the requisite school work of the International Training School.

Some new faces appear on the faculty. Professor Warmingham of Boston University is giving a course on the Old Testament. The campers are enthusiastic about it. In addition to this, he is teaching the second year class in psychology. The campers agree that he is a "regular guy."

"Baldy" Fletcher is also on the staff of dignitaries. He has risen from the rank of inspector, and now reigns supreme in the second year classes.

Wadjepi, Wichada, Waon, and Canwicasa are back at the task. The classes are larger. Some are solid. Take the freshmen for instance. Kinji suggests an elementary course in mathematics.

When it is all said and done, everyone admits that the faculty is first class. They are a real crowd. The campers are with them.

FOURFOLD LEADERSHIP.

THE great challenge of the camp is the fourfold life. Living it to the fullest is the greatest ideal of all campers. How do the leaders stand on this test?

Here is something for thought. Just look over this record. This is one leader's history.

Physically, he was a four letter man at college. Playing on the football and basketball teams, being captain of track and gymnasium team, was a record few attain. During the latter years of his college life he was assistant physical director.

In the mental side, he stood second in his class. His average for the senior year was 94. Just to finish this rightly he acted as student assistant in history.

When it comes to the religion, he was a regular attendant at Sunday school, a church member, and member of the college Y. M. C. A.

He could have qualified on his S too. As member of a literary society, officer of student military battalion, athletic manager, vice-president of Junior class, he surely stands high.

Just to top off the whole thing, he

graduated from college at twenty-one. Now measure yourself on this standard. Does this man live up to the fourfold challenge?

This is not an isolated case, either. There are athletic stars of every class, scholarship men of Phi Beta Kappa rank, leaders in college life, and outstanding religious leaders. Take most anyone you meet, ask him for his record at your own age. Leadership is based on real fourfold foundations.



On the Playground



ROG.

OF ALL the jobs in the world, teaching a landlubber to swim is about the worst. Some never outlived their babyhood fear of aqua pura. Others try to drink the lake. Some are foolish enough to tempt fate in deep water. Then there are a few dry land swimmers, whose tongues would drive a paddle wheel if it could be harnessed.

Take that gang all at once, and an ordinary man will be like a hen with ducklings. Does it scare Rog? Not one whit! He is the same quiet boss of the dock. There's a smile for the hopeless, or a word of cheer. To some of his charges he introduces the water. He is sometimes able to get the babblers to gurgle.

The life saving tests are the work of Mr. Rogers. It is a steady plea of training expert life-savers. The tests are severe. The emblem means something.

"Rog" is General Secretary of the Wisconsin Sunday School Association during the year. When he isn't at camp he is teaching folks to swim in Sunday school work.

Say, fellows, tell your dad and mother, or your worried "fair one" that swimming

is as safe as playing checkers in the front parlor, as long as "Rog" reigns at the dock.

HOBE HILL.

"ARMS forward raise! In cadence, exercise!" That's the snappy command that floats into the drowsy consciousness of the campers every morning. It is none other than Hobe Hill who shoots that Big Ben stuff at the crowd.

That is not all. At 11:30 every morning he is the power behind the league games. And just try to walk on him or his assistants when he is umpiring. Try it if you need to find out who is boss of athletics.

At 3:20 p. m., he has another chance at the campers. Those playground games fix the last laziest fellow for a good swim. The games taught are real stuff for use at home.

Even with this much of the time, Hill isn't satisfied. He plans the tournaments and sees that they go off in good style.

How's that for one man? Did you ever realize what he does for the camp? And the rest of the year, he is the Young People's Division Superintendent of the Indiana Sunday School Association.